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SIGNAL BUTTE.

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING.

Author of "The Colonel's Daughter," "The Deserter," etc.

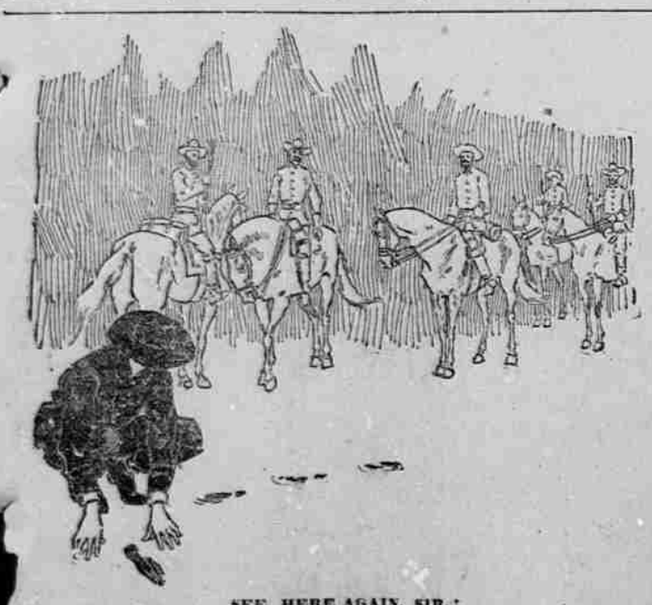
CHAPTER V.—CONCLUDED.

Major Thornton, contenting himself with sending a platoon on the trail of Crane's party, had ridden up to Kelly's ranch to pencil some instructions for Raymond. It was now 7 o'clock, and neither he nor his men had seen a single Indian; neither had he news of Foster nor tidings of any kind, yet with the events of the night still fresh in his mind, with the death of Ruckel and Rafferty and Kelly's Mexican assistant and the loss of Leon to mourn, the major felt convinced the Indians had swooped in force upon the valley, and would have killed, burned and destroyed everything in sight but for his prompt answer to the signal which his forethought had caused to be provided at the top of the butte. The Apaches had desisted from their attempt only at his approach, and had fled into the hills, whither his men were now pursuing. Such, at least, was his theory. This, too, was to be the tenor of his report to department headquarters, to be sent forward by a detachment that very day. Already he was framing its diction, and after a few penciled words to Raymond bidding him hold the fort, as he wasn't coming—for the present, at least, the major had borrowed a big sheet of the ordnance sergeant's official paper, and began:

"KELLY'S RANCH, South of Apache Canyon, June 2, 187—. Assistant Adjutant General, Headquarters Department of Arizona:

"Sir—I have the honor to report that on receipt of your dispatch notifying me of the Apache outbreak and directing me to guard well my working parties at old Fort Retribution and the road connecting it with the new post, I detached Lieutenant Crane, with twenty of Captain Raymond's troop, and sent him to camp temporarily at the abandoned corral, and also took steps to notify the settlers north and south of the post of the new danger. Deeming it possible that the Indians might attempt to pass around us and raid the ranches, I had caused a beacon to be built on the summit of Signal Butte, and instructed Lieutenant Crane to fire it if he learned the Apaches were in the valley.

"Last evening my sentries reported firing on the Prescott road, north of the new post, and Captain Foster with his troop was sent to investigate. He reported by courier that he had come upon two Mexicans, who claimed that the Apaches had attacked them and run off their mules, they themselves escaping by hiding in a dark ravine. They also reported a large party of prospectors, etc., at Raton Springs, and represented them as being in peril of similar attack, so Foster pushed on at once to their succor, expecting to reach them at midnight. At 2:30 a. m., Trooper Ruckel, a sentry on post 5 in the low ground to the north of the post, was found dead, pierced by several Apache arrows, and Captain Raymond with his men made a search through the chapparal as far as the foothills, without discovering anything of the enemy. A few minutes later a horse recognized as Private Rafferty's of C troop, came riderless and wounded into the post, and I had just dispatched Captain Turner with his troop at daybreak to scout the country along the Prescott road, when the flaming signal at the butte told that the Indians had worked around to the valley to the west of us. Leaving Captain Raymond with the infantry and his half troop to guard the post, I proceeded with troop F, (Turner's) to this point, reaching here after a sharp trot in less than an hour and a quarter, only to find the Indians fled, with some stock from Kelly's ranch, and Lieutenant Crane already in pursuit. The only casualty in the valley thus far reported is one Mexican herder killed at Kelley's, and, I regret to add, the probable loss of a gallant little fellow, Leon MacNutt, whose pony was found a few minutes ago at the foot of the butte, with Apache arrows through him. It is feared that the boy has been killed or run off by the Indians who are reported to have fled into the fastnesses of the Socorro, to the north of us. If so, between Captain Foster's troop, already in the field, and those here at hand, I hope to make short work of them." And here Major Thornton was interrupted by the entrance of the ordnance sergeant. It must be remembered now that old Kelly had served in Arizona in his dragoon days before the war, and had just completed another period of five long



SEE HERE AGAIN, SIR.'

years with the Eleventh Cavalry, the predecessors of Thornton's regiment. Like every other old soldier, he was inclined to the belief that newcomers had very much to learn, and, as we have seen, the Indians themselves were taking advantage of this inexperience. Kelly couldn't be disrespectful to an officer, but he had much to say, and there was no time to be lost.

"May I speak to the Major?" was his abrupt request, as he stood erect at the doorway, his hand raised in salute. Thornton wheeled round in his chair and looked up in quick interest.

"Certainly, sergeant. Go ahead!"

"As I understand it, sir, Lieutenant Crane's party followed the trail into the canyon, and would go on through in pursuit."

"That's my understanding also," said the major.

"And did the major order the detachment that followed Lieut. Crane to go on until they came up with him?"

"Yes. He couldn't go very far you know; he took no rations."

"I know, sir, but from what I hear the lieutenant rode straight into the canyon and expected to find the raiders there somewhere. Once into it, sir, there's no way out but through it."

"Well, what I'm afraid of, sir, is this—the Indians who have run that stock into the canyon so as to make a trail to draw the troops in pursuit are only two or three in number, but if there are more Indians in those hills—and the chances are there are—and Kelly pointed significantly to the rugged heights so nearly overshadowing them—"the most of them will be found lying on their bellies up the cliffs and ready to heave down whole tons of rocks on our fellows in the gorge."

Thornton started to his feet and stared eagerly out of the north window in front of him. "That's a very serious matter," he said, "but wouldn't we have heard of it by this time? The cliffs are nearly all down at this end, are they not?"

"Most of 'em are, sir; but there's a bad slit within a mile of the north gate, nearly twelve miles from here, and another about midway. If they jump the troops at this end they'd know the reserves here would be galloping up the game trails east or west of the canyon in no time, whereas if they wait and let the lieutenant and his party grope along to that narrow part of the canyon, just below where old Sanches and his people were drowned out, why they've got 'em, sir; got 'em where they can't hit back or help themselves in any way."

The major hastened out into the open sunshine, now beating hot and dry upon the adobe walls. "Bring my horse, orderly," he called, as he stowed away his unfinished report, and a boy trumpeter with his slouched hat pulled down to keep the sun out of his eyes, turned away from where a little knot of men had just buried the body of the hapless Mexican herder and darted into the corral, presently reappearing with the major's reluctant charger towing at the end of a taut bridle rein. "Now let Sergeant Kelly have your horse," said Thornton, "and give my compliments to Captain Turner and ask him to join us. Come, sergeant, show me the trails."

Old Kelly was already in the saddle beside the commander, and, never waiting to let down the stirrups, but with his long legs dangling, led the way along a winding path to the stream and then through the willows to its wooded bank. A trot of three minutes brought them to the bluff at whose rocky base the Sandy came boiling out of the canyon. Ahead of them, fresh and distinct, the hoof-prints of a score of horses had obliterated all sign of what might have been driven ahead of them. But wheeling his horse abruptly to the right Kelly plunged into the foaming waters and sent him sputtering, breast deep, to the lower bank on the opposite side. Here in a shallow depression to the east of the stream lay some soft marshy ground, and here the old sergeant reined in and pointed without a word to some peculiar foot-prints. Thornton, following his lead, gazed down at the sign, then into the sergeant's face for explanation.

"When did you find these?" he asked.

"Not fifteen minutes ago, sir. The animals went into the canyon, as Mr. Crane supposed, and he followed, but that's the print of the Tonto moccasin, and some of those bucks have cut across below here, skirted the edge of this herecienega close as they could without getting into it, and gone on up the heights. It's my belief they've planned to trap the lieutenant, and we can't get after them along this trail too quick."

Thornton turned and gazed eagerly down the Sandy. Out from the willows, loping, rode the tall and soldierly form of the captain of the sorrel troop, hastening to join his chief, but, before he could ford the stream, far to the northward, somewhere among those resounding rocks, came faint, distant, but unmistakable, the ring and rattle of musketry.

"By heaven, old man, you're right!" cried the major. "Mount your men, Turner," he shouted, 'and get them up here lively."

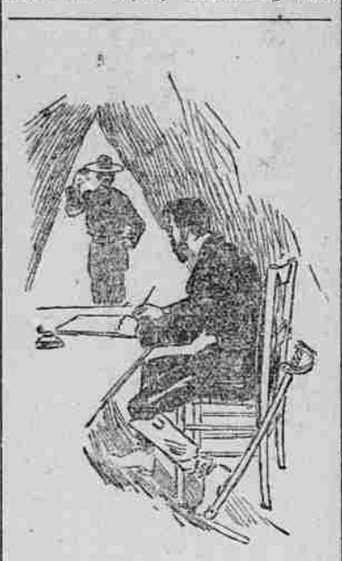
CHAPTER VI.

It was some twenty-three miles, as has been explained, in a general northwesterly direction, by a crooked road, from the new post of Fort Retribution, around the base of the Socorro, past Raton Springs (eight miles out) to the fords of the Sandy, which lay some five miles north of the upper entrance to Apache canyon. It was about ten miles nearly due west from the flagstaff at the new post to Signal Butte. Apache canyon, from gate to gate, was a rift of nearly eleven miles, and the course of the Sandy was about southeast by south. So here was a rude scalene triangle with a ten mile base, a sixteen mile adjacent side and a twenty-three hypothemuse, crooked as a corkscrew, as the troopers said, and this little triangle, solidly filled with mountains, was the field of operations of Major Thornton's command in this its first campaign against Arizona Indians. The Sandy took a sudden turn to the southwest as it passed the posa and flowed away in that general direction to its confluence with the Gila, and the roundabout wagon route from Retribution to Prescott went down the Sandy, around the southern end of the mountain range and then away northwestward up the valley of Willow creek. The only short cut through the Socorro clump was by the old Tonto trail from Signal Butte at the south to Raton Springs to the northeast—and this, said Sergeant Kelly, was not the route by which the raiders retired on the approach of Turner's troop, but was the route by which they descended into the valley. If so, they must have come over from Raton Springs and Foster's men should not be far behind them—only Foster hadn't a soul with him who had ever been through there or could trail by night. He had to wait for day, and possibly for orders. There were game trails all through the rocky, pine-covered heights, but these would only confuse the uninitiated.

If, as Kelly declared, the Indians had dared to drive their captured stock straight through the canyon to lure the troops after them, while a party lurked in ambush on the overhanging cliffs, it meant that they had scouts watching Foster and ready to lead him astray, while others far to the north, keeping wary eyes on the movements of Colonel Pelham's troops at Sandy, dispatched swift runners or communicated by smoke or flame signals that only Indian eyes could read.

"They feel secure for this day, sir," said Kelly to the anxious and perplexed field officer, whose command was now so widely scattered, "or they wouldn't wait to jump the lieutenant."

Had they "jumped" the lieutenant? That was the absorbing question. The firing had died away almost as suddenly as it began. The sounds came from the general direction of the canyon—not that of the trail to the springs. It could not, therefore, be a clash between Foster's troop and the Apaches. It must have been Crane's men, to whose support a whole platoon had been dispatched; but if what Kelly said was true, they were little better off than so many rats in a trap. All this the major was rapidly considering while



'MAY I SPEAK TO THE MAJOR?'

Turner rallied his men down stream and came trotting up to the clenega. Then, led by Kelly afoot and in single file, the little party began the tortuous ascent to the heights. In ten minutes they were again in the saddle and trotting through a bold and beautiful range. To their left lay the deep chasm of Apache canyon and off to the eastward could be seen the dark rift through which ran the trail to Raton Springs. A guard of ten men, together with Downey and his fellow ranchmen, remained about the post, so that at this moment, say 8 o'clock of a hot June morning, Major Thornton's force was distributed at five or six different points at both the southern angles and along the outer edge of this rough triangle. Verily, the Apaches seemed to know how to "play" the newcomers.

"If poor Rafferty hadn't been headed off and killed," said the major to Captain Turner, who, now that there was greater room, rode up alongside, "we should have known Foster's discoveries and movements. As it is, we are completely in the dark. I'm not so anxious about Crane now, for he has evidently got through the lower part of the canyon all right, and hasn't had time to reach the northern end, but I hope he's safe out of the bad place in the middle."

And just at this moment the old sergeant, riding a dozen yards ahead, and coming to a sharp turn around a rocky point, reined suddenly in, signaling halt. With much clatter and sputter of hoofs the rear of the column seemed to double up on the leaders before the rapid trot could be checked, and then with heaving flanks the horses huddled in a bunch. There was an opening in the hills to the right and a game trail led down around the very point where Kelly had halted and was now off his horse studying the ground.

"I thought so, sir," said he, pointing eagerly to certain prints in the rock dust along the trail. Then, bending low, he worked over toward the edge of the cliff. "See, here again, sir, and here—Tonto moccasins! They probably crept up close to the edge, two or three of them, to watch what might be coming up through the gorge below." Turner was listening with a whimsical smile on his face, and here interposed.

"Look here a moment, sergeant," said he. "I have been doing some little scouting down stream and there are some points that may not have occurred to you. I admit we're new to Apache scouting, but there are some general rules all Indians recognize. Now, we learned from our Pawnee scouts, and a Pawnee would say that these fellows" (and here Turner pointed to the footprints in the yielding turf) "were peering over at something going up the canyon ahead of them, and not what was coming behind. Let me ask you—what has become of Muncey and Ferguson and all their crowd all this time—where did they go?"

"God knows, sir, but ever since the cloudburst Muncey's too big a coward to push through the canyons alone at night."

"Ordinarily, yes—I admit that, but this time 'twas life or death with him. For some reason he stole the best horse at the fort—Ferguson's—and skipped in the dark. I believe it was in hopes of joining Manuel and his gang. I believe he thought he could safely ride and get credit for giving warning to Lieutenant Crane and yourself—then he pushed over toward Raton Springs. You say there were prints of a dozen horses and mules this morning coming down into the valley?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, they would obliterate any prints of those going up. Now, wasn't that Manuel's party? Don't you suppose Muncey met them in the hills, had them hide until Ferguson and his friends passed them by in the darkness and then came on down by Signal Butte intending to stay with Crane's guard or else, perhaps, to push on down the Sandy to the Gila and Tucson after they got what they wanted?"

"Got what they wanted? Does the captain mean Leon?"

"Leon, mules horses,—anything else to help them in their flight. How do you know who killed your herder and ran off your mules, sergeant? Could you see?"

"No, sir; it was lifting up a little at the east and I'd fallen into a sort of doze, and the boy, I suppose, thought everything was all safe and he went out to let the mules out of the stuffy box, in which we'd penned them for the night. The next thing Mrs. Kelly and I heard was the firing. It was down the hillside toward the water, and I could only shoot at the flashes."

"Exactly. What I believe is that those two bands of thieves—Apache and Mexican—ran foul of each other in the dark. Muncey and his party, scared to death, perhaps, have fled northward into the canyon, and the reason you had no more trouble is that the Apaches put out after him. We have got the whole field ahead of us at this minute. I only wish we knew who had Leon."

"Mount, then, and come on," said the major eagerly. "Turner, you're probably right." And then, as if in confirmation of the theory, far to the front again the crack of cavalry carbines echoed along the mountain gorge.

And here, four miles out from the lower gate, the walls of the canyon seemed to fall away. Still jagged and steep where the Sandy lashed at its rocky banks, the cliffs were but a dozen feet or so in height, and thence the pine covered slopes rose and rolled in bold upheavals with sheltered valleys between each mountain wave. Along through the pines led the Tonto trail. Along in single file, now at rapid trot, now at easy lope, but often climbing and sliding clumsily, the sorrels followed. Far down in the gorge the old canyon trail could be seen. "It's just around that point, sir," said Kelly presently, his eyes snapping with excitement. "Ould Sancheoz and Leon's father were drowned out. We knew it because when the flood went down you could find mules and men, saddles and apparejoes, rifles and blankets lodged among the rocks and trees for miles below, but nothing above. They was swept out just like so many ants in a millrace."

"There's a mule down there now," cried a keen sighted trooper, riding close behind the captain.

"He's killed this morning, then—and yon's a horse. See!" cried Kelly, pointing eagerly down into the depths of the canyon. "The first tackle must have been right along here somewhere."

Once more ahead of them the cliffs began to narrow. Once more the trail ascended to a projecting point, and then skirted a rocky palisade commanding a view of the canyon for two miles—the Sandy leaping in foaming rapids, 500 feet below. One after another the troopers reached the point, and then, following the leader, spurred into a lope, for Turner and Kelly, foremost now, had caught again the sound of firing, and presently out from the sockets whipped the carbines—the fight was in view ahead.

(To be continued.)

THE EDITOR'S PROGRAMME.

He Knew Just How to Keep the Town Clear of Coxeyites.

[From the Chicago Dispatch.]

"Gentlemen," said the Indiana mayor, "the object of the meeting has been fully set forth to you in the published call. An industrial army is marching in this direction. Our people have enough to do to take care of their own unemployed. In this emergency something must be done. The coming of this army is a menace. Whatever we do to meet it must be done promptly, resolutely and fearlessly. I await your pleasure, fellow citizens. The meeting is open."

After a short pause the editor of the town paper rose up, says an exchange.

"Mr. Chairman," he said, pale but determined, "I move you, sir, that as a means of averting the visitation that threatens, a double-column ad. be inserted in the Weekly Tornado at once offering steady employment on the roads at $2.50 a day to every member of the coming army. And I take pleasure in adding, Mr. Chairman," he went on in a voice that rose high above the din of applause, "that I will publish that ad. for three-fourths of the regular rate on the local page in big display type, next to pure reading matter, and send fifty copies to the advancing army, postage prepaid, Mr. Chairman, without extra charge!"

REMINISCENCES OF A PROSPECTOR.

II.

A few words of advice and caution to the young man who has decided to enter upon the rambling and hazardous life of a prospector and miner will not be out of place in these reminiscences.

As the old 49-ers say, "Times ain't like they use ter was."

The day has gone by when quick fortunes can be made in mining. A fairly developed mine will not sell for as much now-a-days as a flattering prospect would twenty years ago. Mine buyers are not so enthusiastic about mines as they used to be. Before they buy a mine they want to satisfy themselves that there are from $4 to $5 in sight for every $1 they put up. To do this, they will employ a corps of mining and civil engineers, experts, metallurgists, mineralogists and analytical chemists to determine the amount and assay value of the ore bodies in sight in the mine by mathematics, chemical analysis and scientific guessing.

Mining in the future will be principally for gold and copper until silver is remonetized on the old basis of 16 to 1, and greater protection is given to our lead product. Mining is being reduced to a science. With cheaper labor, cheaper supplies, with labor-saving machinery and cheaper methods and processes for reducing ores, mining in the future should be more profitable than it has been in the past.

A good silver mine is a good thing to hold on to. If you find one, develop it the best you can and get it patented. It will be a good investment, for it is only a question of time when silver will be remonetized. The great mass of the people are beginning to realize the fact that the demonetization of silver has been one of the most potent factors in bringing our country to its present almost wrecked, ruined and bankrupt condition, and the people will speak in thunder tones and demand the remonetization of silver to save the country from utter demoralization and general bankruptcy.

Don't start out with the idea that the mountains are full of bonanzas, lying around loose, waiting for you to come and lay claim to them. There is scarcely a mountain range in all our mining states and territories—except it be Alaska—but what has been more or less prospected for gold and silver.

Outcrop or surface bonanzas are not so plentiful as they used to be. Doubtless there are many underground bonanzas, but it takes time, lots of money, lots of powder and fuse and lots of muscle and elbow grease to dig trails to those underground bonanzas.

You should guard against the sharp practices and tricks of shyster miners for they are full of them, a few of which will be exposed in these reminiscences.

Before starting out you would do well to get a few old-timers with a quarter of a century's experience in mining, to give you a few chapters of their experience, of their ups and downs, hardships and privations, adversities and prosperities (if they ever had any), how when they made a "raise" they had legions of friends who insisted on attaching a "handle" to their names as a mark of appreciation, and how, when they went broke (they usually go broke) their friends were like angels' visits, few and far between.

In time you will find out that the pathway of a prospector is not strewn with roses, but rather with thorns of disappointment.

In the winter and spring of '65, flour was worth $1.25 per pound in Montana. I left Utah early in the spring with a cargo of flour. After wallowing through mud holes, snow banks and sand banks I arrived in Virginia City in time to catch the falling market at 45 cents per pound. I had scarcely unloaded my cargo, when the United States marshal attached and took possession of my teams. As I was a stranger in the country, I had some difficulty in convincing him that it was a case of mistaken identity.

The vigilantes (or stranglers, as the boys called them,) were in the saddle and were hanging men frequently for real or imaginary crimes. I didn't know but what there might be another case of mistaken identity, and that the vigilantes might offer me up as a strangling atonement for the sins of some fellow that looked like me, so I thought Virginia City was a good place to get away from.

There was a case of mistaken identity which came very near costing a man his life. He was tried, convicted and condemned to death, but fortunately was rescued by a gentleman to whom he had been introduced by his friend.

The vigilantes, with all their faults, have some good marks to their credit. They rid Montana of a hard lot of roughs, murderers, thieves and highwaymen, who held the country in terror and rendered life and property unsafe.

I drifted over to Helena, and from thence to the Blackfoot country, which was full of mining excitements and stampedes.

I located in Blackfoot City, built a house, intending to go into business, but peddling groceries was too slow a business for me in a country where men were making little fortunes every day, so I sold my house and went to prospecting.

The custom of the country was that when prospectors struck a good thing they would organize a district, elect one of their party recorder, locate claims for themselves and some friends, come back to town, tell their friends confidentially of the new find, and the news went from confidential friend to confidential friend until the whole town was on to it. By the time the prospectors laid in their little stock of grub and so forth and were ready to start out, the whole camp was ready to follow them.

On arriving at the gulch, the recorder immediately opened his office for filing claims for record, Nos. 1, 2, 3, etc., above or below discovery, as the case may be. Sometimes the filings would extend below discovery far into the valley and for miles beyond the head of the gulch. Such was the excitement men lived under in the early days of Montana, they became generous, hospitable, in fact, a kind of brotherhood of miners sprang up. The genus tramp was unknown. If a man was broke, some fellow gave him a grub stake and told him to get out and rustle. Those were the days of Auld Lang Syne, when if a brother saw a brother sliding down the hill, he'd take him by the hand and help him with a will.

But in these degenrate days, the rule seems to be that if you see a fellow sliding down hill, give him a kick to increase velocity, especially if there's a pecuniary advantage to be gained. The first stampede I followed was to Washington guleh. I camped a little below the town (a townsite was about the first thing located after the discovery of gold). I was not so fortunate as to secure aclaim. News came to my camp that they were shooting, cutting and killing one another up town. I was there for revenue only, not for blood, so I returned to Blackfoot to wait for the next stampede.

I was catching on to the mining situation pretty well, considering that I had recently emerged from a soldier to a pedagogue, from a pedagogue to a prospector.

Such is life in the far west.

PROSPECTOR.

AN UNWORTHY PROSECUTOR.

The Justice—You are accused, Sambo, of stealing three chickens.

Sambo—Jedge, your honah, de man dat calls dem old hens "chickens" has a mighty tough conscience to appear in court!—Truth.

HAMMITT, CHIEF OF COWBOYS.

Buffalo Bill's Famous Rider Talks of His Early Experiences in the West.

[From the New York Times.]

Everybody who has visited the Wild West, either in Europe or America, has been attracted by the superb riding of Frank Hammitt, chief of the cowboys, but few know that he is the son of an ex-governor of Colorado. Loth to talk about himself, Hammitt dropped into a conversation the other night with a reporter and told how he became a cowboy. He said: "It was in 1881. I was a boy then, not as boys are now, inexperienced and tender, but what was then termed a tough kid. I joined a trail outfit on the Arkansas river in order to get back north. Trail work was against my taste, but it was my desire to get north, no matter how disagreeable the cost might be. Trail work, as everyone knows who is any way familiar with the west, is the most trying that a cowboy has to contend with. The herd of Texas cattle that I had engaged to help with comprised about 3,000 head, consisting mostly of cows, many of which had young calves. The hardest part of work of this nature is what cowboys termed punching up drags, that is to say, worn-out cows and young calves. I being a boy and having joined the herd on its way, was given the extremely pleasant job of punching up these drags.

"It so happened that we were short handed, bad weather set in, and two or three stampedes occurred, causing almost superhuman efforts on the part of the boys to control the herd. For several days we saw the thing continued, and every man was worn out for loss of sleep and from physical exertion. You talk about human endurance; well, there was not a man who dared leave us. Starvation and death stared any man in the face who dared risk himself on the plains apart from the mess wagon. Among our little band was a negro who had been engaged to 'night herd.' During the day all he was required to do was to ride in the bed of the wagon and sleep as long as he liked. When bad weather and hard night work commenced, our negro became obstinate and refused to stand his watch. On the evening of the third, about supper time, it was raining pitchforks and was very cold. The trail boss gave the order for night guards. One of the guards, Tom Granger by name, was designated to keep guard until midnight, with instructions to call the negro to relieve him.

"Granger was well nigh worn out himself and had reached that stage of desperation when men look wild out of their eyes. He went, however, like a man, and stood his guard, until the tap of 12, when he called the negro, who refused to get up. Granger tried every way in the world to get that African out, but in vain; there was no moving the obstinate coon. Granger then awoke me, with the request to go out on duty until 2 o'clock, then come back and wake up the negro, telling me to be sure and call him in case the other refused to get up. I stood guard until the time was up, then called the negro, who threatened to break my neck if I didn't 'leave him alone.' Then I awoke Granger, who got up, patted me on the back and told me to go to bed, observing quietly that he would look after the coon. I considered it best to wait and see what Granger would do. It was just breaking day when Granger walked over to the negro, shook him until he was wide awake, and then told him to get out to the herd.

"In violent and abusive language the negro refused, made all sorts of threats, and then deliberately turned over and went to sleep. Granger studied for a moment, and then, going to the mess wagon near by, picked up an axe and returned. When he had succeeded again in waking the coon he quietly asked him to go and take his guard, which was once more violently refused. Granger drew his axe back and let fly, burying it in the negro's skull and splitting it with the blade protruding through the chin. Many times in my life have I seen things that deeply impressed me, but never since this occurrence have I ever seen anything done so coolly and with apparent consideration as that. No one said a word, nor was Granger upbraided for his act. The foreman said that, as we were in a hurry, we must leave the negro where he was. Granger, however, persisted in having him buried. It was done with as much ceremony as possible."

He who believes nothing, who believes only the shows of things, is not in relation with nature and fact at all.—Carlyle.